

All My Brothers

As I sit

And I dream

And I ponder my soul

And lament of this hideous curse

I am still

And I listen

To others that say

You must do unto others, but first

Do they sit

Do they worry

Do they spend sleepless nights

Regretting their inexorable actions

Can one know

And if so

Would it matter a bit

To the sparks of their flickering compassions

And if not

Pay it heed

Is that what I'd do

To silently strangle convictions

Like a robber

At night

Should I stalk through my heart

Carefully murdering its well-meaning victims

But if so

What am I

This horrible beast

No thought but of stating my hunger

Would I be

But a mongrel

No longer a man

If I gave not a thought for another

I think so

And with that

I'll accept this great curse

Denounce those who deal kindred profanely

For their thoughts

I care not

For at least I will know

That I treat all my brothers humanely

James Snodgrass